The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. MAY 9, 1874. NO. 2.

Forget-me-not.

ONE pleasant spring morning, as Mabel and Jane
Were chasing a butterfly, down by the lane,
Pursuing the gay fickle insect by turns,
Past meadow and cottage, through grasses and ferns,
They fancied they heard gentle voices say,
"Stop, stop, little children; look over this way!
Here, where, by the hedgerow, a young timid band,
Your loving May visitors patiently stand.
We have pulled off our nightcaps, and sprung from our beds,
And, dress'd in our best, have been nodding our heads
For a week, if not more, saying, 'How do you do?'
To the trees, and the blue sky, but longing for you;
And just as we said, 'They must know we have come
To lie in their bosoms, and gladden their home,'
Forgetting us wholly, you go rushing by,
In pursuit of a glittering wild butterfly.
Bend down to us, love us, and choose, if you will,
Our tallest and sweetest your white hands to fill."

The children stopp'd, listen'd, look'd softly around,
And saw by the hedgerow, spread over the ground,
In purple-blue clusters, of starry-shaped dots,
A party of lovely forget-me-nots!

They laughed with delight as they gathered at ease
The dew-spangled blossoms, like two busy bees;
And their fond mother said, as she placed the fair flowers
In the pure crystal vase, at the twilight's soft hours,
"Remember, dear Mabel,—and Jane, too, must know,—
God speaks to His children through all things that grow;
And these lovely messengers teach us to-day
A lesson we must not throw lightly away,
Too often for pleasures far distant we roam,
Unmindful of sweeter ones close by our home."

— Child's Companion.

Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.

"Our Father," if he heard us, he would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with me, my child."

Mrs. Browning.

For the Myrtle.

Dot and Rover.

A STORY FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

IN A certain hen-coop lived an old white hen and four little downy chickens, two of which were white, one was black, and one was speckled. All day long they passed their time scratching in the dirt with their cunning little pink feet, picking up the crumbs of bread and meal which formed their food, and running in and out of the coop where their mother stayed. Every evening when it began to grow dark, the mother hen would call, "Cluck, cluck, cluck," and the little chicks would answer, "Peep, peep, peep," in their funny little voices, and run to the coop as fast as they could go, for the old hen meant, "Come home now, for it is your bed-time." Then she would ruffle up her feathers and spread her wings, and all the little chickens would creep under her, then she would nestle down and keep them safe and warm all the long dark night.

One evening the old hen called "Cluck, cluck" as usual, and all the chickens ran home except one. The little black one whom they called Dot, was too far from the coop to hear his mother's voice, so he stayed in the yard scratching and eating, and running around, until at last when he looked up it was so dark that he could not see the coop, and he did not know where to find

it. Poor Dot ran this way and that way, but no mother and no home could he see. "Peep, peep, peep," he cried, but no one answered him. It grew darker and colder and the poor lost chickie was dreadfully frightened. Soon he saw a coop near him which he thought was his own home, but when he ran up and cried "Peep, peep, let me in," he heard a strange voice answer, "Ca-a-a-a you are not my little chicken, go away." So he ran off as fast as he could.

At last it was so dark that he could not see anything, and so cold he thought he should freeze, when he suddenly found himself up close to a great, warm shaggy thing which lay stretched out on the ground, and he knew it was Rover, the dog who took care of the farm all night and day. Dot was very much afraid of him, and was about to run away, when the good old dog said with a gentle bow-wow, "Don't be afraid of me, little chickie, I would never hurt you one single bit. Come up close to me, and I will keep you warm and dry all night, and nothing shall hurt you or make you afraid." So the trembling little chickie hugged up close to that shaggy big dog, and slept there all night as safe and cosy as if under its own mother's wing, and in the morning Rover showed it where its own home was, and ever after that when the mother said "Cluck, cluck," little Dot was the first chicken to run and answer "Peep, peep."

E. B. M.

Emma's Earning.

Mrs. Lacey had a large family and no girl. So little Emma had to be called on pretty often.

"Emma," said her mother one day, "Willie wants to be rocked."

"Oh, dear," thought Emma. But she put down her things and went at once, for she was a good girl.

But wide-awake little Mrs. Lacey, who kept her two eyes dancing everywhere — down on to the corner to see if Gay did his work well, over to school to see if Lizzie and Wissie studied, up the road to see that the hired man did not come and catch her with dinner not ready — had a piece of an eye also, for Emma, who came home early to help her tend Willie.

So now, between cupboard and table and stove, she found time to look out and keep her little girl's life smooth.

"You are a good girl, Emma," she said, looking through into the other room. "Mother'll pay you when Willie is asleep. She's got a plan."

Emma's eyes brightened. She had as much faith in her mother's plans as a girl could well have. And good reason. Little Mrs. Lacey would as soon think of not putting yeast into her bread as of forgetting to attend to the plans she coaxed Emma to work with. "I hire her in that way," she said, "and I am honest if I pay her as she expects. If not, I am dishonest." This is how Mrs. Lacey put it in her straightforward English. And I fancy her little girls were pretty apt to grow up honest.

But Emma rocked patiently till Willie was asleep. She could afford to wait, now she had her mother's promise.

"Well," said Mrs. Lacey as Emma came out of the darkened room and shut the door carefully after her, "he was the best of boys, wasn't he?" and her broad, sunshiny smile warmed Emma's heart clear through. Nobody, who saw Mrs. Lacey smile, could believe that she ever had hard days.

"How would you like me to pay you for your work in beans, just as I pay Mr. Hayes in dollars and cents."

"Oh, that will be splendid!" said Emma.

"Well, I'll give you a gill an hour for every hour you work well. When you don't work well, it will be dishonest, and I shall not pay you full pay. But I think you will be honest. You can buy your clothes with your beans, and other things you need." There was no danger of money being wasted in that house. The cents came too hard.

Emma was delighted. A chance to get a whole new dress, all by herself. Maybe something for father and mother, too.

There was no more dragging work in that house. Emma wanted to learn how to do other things besides tend dollies and rock Willie, for her mother had told her she would pay her more beans when she earned more. In a little while she could wash and wipe dishes, dust the rooms, and so forth. Mrs. Lacey taught her how to do each part well.

And, out-doors, Mrs. Lacey had a plan for raising the beans, She had the land prepared, and, as Emma helped her more aud more, she would get a few minutes when they could run out and plant beans and work on the land. The plan worked well. "As much work done, and

with a great deal less trouble," so she would say, cheerily, when telling of it. "Then there's the fresh air we all get more of." It took a little planning to bring it about, but it paid.

Little Sower.

Waiting for Papa.

MAMMA put the tea to draw,
I helped to set the table,
Wee-est girl you ever saw,
You'd hardly think me able.
I can carry cup and plate,
And knife and fork so steady;
Now, I'm just a-going to wait,
While everything is ready —
Going to wait for papa!

He can tell me — no mistake —
The nicest, queerest story;
Always calls me, when I wake,
His little morning glory.
When I hide behind the door,
I am the first he misses;
Then I often give him more
Than twenty loving kisses —
He's so good — my papa!

Said he wouldn't be long away;
My dollies all are sleeping;
I'm so tired out with play,
And stars will soon be peeping.
That's his step, I know it! There!
He thinks I'm hiding, maybe!
They coax me, but it isn't fair
For me, his darling baby,
To eat without my papa!

— *Little Corporal.*

Nannie's Table.

"Who comes here?" asked Uncle Edward, looking up from his carpenter's bench and plane, as he heard somebody pushing at the door; and when, an instant later, a little head with short brown hair showed itself, he said, "Oh, it's my little boy, Nan!"

"I ain't a boy!" said Nannie, coming quite in then, and moving her feet restlessly in the sawdust.

"O ho!" said Uncle Edward. "Then what makes you slide down hill, and beg for skates, and fly kites, and have a bag of marbles, and ride the old horse bareback, and borrow my tools?"

"I don't care; I ain't a boy. I'd despise to be!" replied Miss Nannie, hanging a long curly shaving over each ear as she spoke. "Say, Uncle Edward, I want to make a little table. May I have that little square piece of board?"

"Yes, yes!" said the uncle, and he handed it to her.

"Now may I take your big gimlet? I want to bore some holes for the legs."

Uncle Edward passed down the gimlet, and Nannie bored a hole in each of the four corners of the square board. Then she borrowed a knife to whittle out some legs with, and when they were done she hammered them stoutly in. Now the table was done, and it stood as level and firm as anybody's table.

"I'm going now," said Nannie, taking it up. "I'm going to give a tea party, and I had my little set of dishes all ready, and Aunt L'zzie let me make some tiny pies and cookies when she was baking this morning, but I didn't have any table to set the things out on, so I thought I would come in here and make one. You may come to my party, if you want to, Uncle Edward."

And off went the little girl, with great satisfaction, to set her table.

"That's a smart one!" said Uncle Edward, looking after her as the door shut. "I'd like to see the thing she can't do! I'll warrant her pies and cookies are done to a turn. It's a thrifty little housewife that can cook a meal, and make a table to put it on!"

Then he went back to his planing, while Nannie set her table out on the flat rock under the apple tree, where the birds sang, and no one in all the world, whether boy or girl, was happier than she. — *Christian Union.*

Do and Dare.

DARE to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down!
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

PERFORM a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return.

"NO INDEED!" SHE SAID.

For the Myrtle.

The Found Penny.

"HOW nice it must be to find something splendid in the street, as you are walking along," said little Alice; "a gold watch, or a bracelet, or a diamond pin. Did you ever find anything, Aunt Kate?"

Aunt Kate thought a moment and then smiled.

"Yes, I found something once that I thought was splendid, but I didn't have much comfort of it."

"Oh, tell about it," cried Alice.

"It was when I was a very small girl," said Aunt Kate. "I was dancing home from school one noon when I saw lying just before me in the road a large copper penny. Oh, don't sniff at that! I thought it a very wonderful find, I assure you. Pennies were not as common things with me as with you.

"I put it in the bottom of my pocket and went on dancing home. The first thing at home was to show my penny, to ask whether it was truly mine, and what I should do with it.

"They all decided that it was really mine, and that I might do just what I pleased with it.

"So I decided to stop at the store on my way back to school, and get a long stick of red-and-white candy.

"I went along happy as a queen, swinging my sunbonnet on my arm. I went into the store and up to the counter. There was the candy in the row of glass jars, and there was the clerk ready to wait on me. I told him proudly what I wished. He took down the jar and took out the very handsomest stick, all twisted in a spiral, like a barber's pole. I put my hand in my pocket, and lo,—there wasn't any penny there! I had lost it again!

"I was almost blind with confusion and with the dreadful thought of what I was going to do about it. There was the candy that I had bought, and I hadn't anything to pay for it. And there, besides the clerk, were two or three men looking on.

"'I—I've lost the money to *pay it for*,' I stammered.

"A great laugh went up from the loungers.

"'So you've lost the money to *pay it for*, have you?' cried one of them as if it was very funny, and then they all laughed again.

"I thought *they* thought I meant to get the candy without paying for it. Indeed the clerk told me I might take it all the same; but I cried, 'No, indeed!" and ran out of the store, very much ashamed of myself.

"I suppose it was years before I understood what there was about it that made those men laugh so." *H. A. B.*

WRONG-DOING is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

Jetty's Story.

I'M a black kitten, and my name is Jetty. I live with little Katie Turner; and I'll tell you how it came about, if you'd like to know.

My home used to be in a beautiful house, filled from top to bottom with lovely pictures and every thing you can imagine. In every room were soft-cushioned chairs, where I could sleep; and I was fed with the best milk and meat, and never forgotten.

That was because my little mistress, whose name was Sadie, loved me dearly. I loved her too. She was always gentle and kind, and would lay down the most amusing story-book at any time to play with me. Such nice games as we had with Arthur's worsted ball! He was her little brother, and liked to play with me too; but boys are too rough for me. For real comfort, and plenty of petting, give me a little girl.

And then Sadie hung up my stocking at Christmas-time too. I shall never forget that. She made it herself, — the queerest-shaped thing.

And what do you suppose she put into it? Three neck-ribbons, — one cherry-colored, one pink, and one sky-blue. And I looked very pretty in them. All the family said so; for Sadie asked them every one. They were all fond of her, from the dear old grandmother, who sat in the corner in the softest old chair I ever saw, down to the servants, Annie and Betty and Jane. And she was a dear little thing; but, if she had not been quite so good, it would have been better for me.

One day somebody called to see her mamma; a pretty lady, with fringe on her dress. I remember the fringe, because I would play with it; and Sadie had to put me out into the hall, and shut the door. I did not care much; for I found a spool of thread, and had a fine romp with that.

The lady staid a good while, but when she was gone Sadie came in search of me. She carried me into the library, and sat down in a great chair by the open window, and began to pet me, and talk to me very lovingly, though there were tears in her eyes.

All of Arthur's playthings lay on the floor, — his horse and sword and picture book and ball. She picked up the ball, but did not offer to play with me, though I rubbed myself against her, and purred. She only stroked me gently a while, and then, looking straight into my green eyes, she said:

"Do you want to go away, Jetty, and live with a dear little sick girl?"

I did not like the idea at all; but I could not say so, so I only purred louder.

"Dear, *dear* pussy," she said, "I shall miss you dreadfully! But you must go. That little girl needs you more than I."

Then she put me down, and ran away; I suppose to get a basket, for by-and-by she came back, bringing a large one with a cover, and finding me almost asleep in the chair, she laid me carefully in it, and before I could spring out, she had tied the cover down. Then she called James, the coachman, and soon he was carrying me away down the hill.

He took me to a poor little house, where a little girl lived with her mother. The child was always in bed, and was not pretty like Sadie. But she had a sweet, patient face, and as soon as she saw me, she gave a little cry of pleasure. I was sorry I'd come till I saw her; for the house looked so poor!

I've always been fond of Katie; but I don't have as many good things as I did at Sadie's house. I wonder what made her give me away. I think the lady with the fringe must have told her about Katie. She is the minister's wife, and often comes here. Katie loves her dearly.

She never tells me anything about Sadie, though, and some day I mean to run away and see her again. Wouldn't you? — *Well-Spring.*

"Naughty Think."

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." — Psalms xiv. 12.

"Mamma," said Kitty, "papa calls me a good little girl, and aunty does, and 'most everybody; but I am not, mamma, good at all."

"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"So am I," said Kitty, "but I have got a very naughty think,"

"Naughty what?" asked mamma.

"My think is naughty inside me," said Kitty. "When I was dressed to go to ride yesterday, and the carriage came and there was no room for me, I went into the house, and aunty told you I behaved very good about it. She said I didn't cry or anything; but, mamma, I thought wicked things, and I ran up stairs and lay down and kicked and kicked and kicked, I was so—so—so mad," said Kitty. "I wished the carriage would upset, and the old horses run away; that's what I mean. It was a naughty think in me."

"Well, nobody knew it," said John.

"Somebody *did* know it," said Kitty.

"Who?" asked John.

"God," answered Kitty. "He cannot call me good, as aunty and papa do. Mamma, how can I be good inside?"

Kitty is not alone in asking that question. Many and many a one is asking it very sorrowfully. How can I be good inside? King David felt like Kitty, and he fell down on his knees and prayed this little prayer, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." Secret faults are in some sense the worst sort of faults, because, first, they deceive others, for they are inside and nobody sees them, and then they deceive ourselves, for we are apt to think nobody will find them out, and that if they are not found out it is no matter. — *Child's World.*

THE poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest, and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Our Sunday Schools.

And still they come — the items about Easter Sunday in our schools. We give, with other news, these further accounts of celebrations.

MAINE.

—The minister at Bangor writes the *Banner:* "I simply wish to say that Easter was duly observed with us. The altar and pulpit were embowered in flowers. It was communion season and a large congregation was present, and remained through the service. In the evening our Sunday School united in the Easter service provided in the April *Helper*, and in the representation entitled, "Wreathing the Cross." It was a beautiful and impressive scene. A crowded congregation was present, and all who wished could not find seats. The day was certainly one of interest and spiritual profit to us.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—At South Newmarket on the evening of Easter Sunday, the Sunday School gave an entertainment, consisting of the Easter service in the April *Helper*, singing, remarks by the pastor, and so forth. One who was present, writes: "Although this was the first attempt by the school, yet the parts were well performed, and the service was very impressive. The church, especially around the altar was beautifully decorated with evergreens, flowers and growing plants. The house was filled to overflowing, and we believe all went away feeling more sensibly the blessings conferred upon them through the life, death and resurrection of Christ."

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The South Weymouth parish held appropriate services Easter. There was a beautiful cross on the communion table. In the evening the Sunday School rendered very finely the Easter service in the *Helper*, with the appropriate flowers and the large cross tastefully trimmed, with the words "Christ is risen."

—Mrs. C. A. Winship, whose consecration and success in the Sunday School, long ago passed into a proverb, on Easter Sunday resigned her office of Superintendent of the school in Wakefield. The tears and expressions of regret with which this announcement was met testified to the love she had won from the hearts of young and old. Mrs. Winship received from the school as an Easter gift, a magnificent silver service, consisting of eight pieces and an exquisite Etruscan vase.

—The Young People's Union of the Shawmut parish, Boston, gave its annual literary entertainment on Thursday evening, April 23.

—A young girl, member of our Sunday School in Marblehead, Miss Amy Stuart, aged 15 years, lost her life in the great fire in that place April 14. She was a beautiful and promising girl, and her tragic fate cast a gloom over the entire afflicted town. Her funeral, conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. Closson, was attended by a crowd of sympathizing friends and neighbors.

RHODE ISLAND.

—The Pawtucket, R. I., Sunday School had a very pleasant concert on the evening of Easter Sunday, using the Easter service from the *Helper*. The spacious church was entirely filled with members and friends of the school. This school is reported as very prosperous, and constantly increasing in number and interest. It has recently spent some $400 in renovation and enlargement of its library, which is now in superb condition. A very important and efficient auxiliary of this school is its social organization known as "The Young People's Social," which holds frequent meetings devoted principally to the musical and literary entertainment of its members. It has during the past season given a series of public entertainments for the benefit of the Sunday School Treasury, which resulted very successfully. The "Ladies Circle" of the parish is also in very hearty sympathy with the school and is always ready to work for it. The "Circle" and the "Social" contributed nearly the entire amount expended upon the library.

CONNECTICUT.

—The *Danbury News* gives a pleasant account of a great union gathering of Sunday Schools in that place which brought together six large Sunday Schools of the town, in the First Congregational Church, for a celebration and addresses. The First Congregational church was represented by 200 members of the school, the Second by 125, the Methodists by 250, the Baptists by 225, the Disciples by 100, and the Universalists by 100. The Universalist pastor, Rev. D. M. Hodge, made one of the addresses. The *News* says: "This great gathering of little ones filled the large church to its utmost capacity and packed the aisles on the ground floor. Visitors and others were confined to the galleries. So large a concourse of children made an exceedingly attractive and interesting audience."

NEW YORK.

—Our church, in Buffalo, observed the Easter festival by appropriate services, and charming floral decoration of Sunday School room and auditory. An audience filling the large vestry, listened to the exercises of the school, which was a Memorial Service in remembrance of those who had arisen to their immortality, during the year. The church was fragrant with the breath of Easter lilies; the crosses, basket, font, pulpit, sacramental altar and platform, were entwined with ivy and smilax, or covered with the most costly flowers of the season.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—At Girard after the church celebration of Easter Sunday, in the evening a Sunday School concert was given, which reflected great credit on all the members of the school. The singing was admirable, both in selection and rendering; and the recitations were given distinctly and in a manner that showed an understanding on the part of the children of the meaning of the pieces they spoke. The Sunday School is flourishing finely under the care of an efficient superintendent and faithful teachers.

—Easter was joyously celebrated in the church and Sunday School at Susquehanna Depot, Rev. J. H. Campbell, pastor. The church was finely decorated and the morning service was on the resurrection, the music being finely adapted to the occasion. In the evening the Sunday School celebrated the occasion, participating in the singing, while addresses were made by pastor and members of the school.

This, we learn, is but one of many helpful and pleasant special services enjoyed by the school during its past prosperous year.

—The May anniversary of the Sunday Schools connected with the Philadelphia Union, will be held in the Church of the Messiah, on Tuesday evening, May 12.

OHIO.

—The beautiful operatta "The Mission of the Fairies," has been lately given with great success by the First Universalist Sunday School in Cincinnati.

—The Sunday School at New Paris has an average attendance of about eighty; a large number, considering that church services are held only one-fourth of the time.

The Tabernacle.

Nearly all our Sunday Schools are now learning about the setting up of the tabernacle in the wilderness, by the children of Israel, and the beginning of the worship which they celebrated there.

We have followed the Hebrew tribes out from their slavery in Egypt, through the Red Sea, down the coast on the east side to Elim, where were the palm trees and fountains, then across the wilderness country, where their hunger was satisfied by quails and manna, and their thirst by the fountain gushing from the rock, until they encamp near Mount Sinai. Here we come to another great event in their history, the giving of the law. On Sinai's top, amid clouds and lightnings, God's word to his people is given to Moses.

And now the ten commandments, written on the tablets of stone, become the center of their religion. For these sacred treasures they must have some sacred place. So they build their house of worship; not with walls of stone and lofty spire, but a *great tent*, that can be taken down and carried with them in their journeyings.

About the construction of the tabernacle we have learned in the April lessons: the outer court, surrounded by curtains, with its altar of burnt-offerings and its great bronze laver filled with water: the tabernacle itself, with walls of precious wood, and entrance-curtains of tapestry, and roof of curtains and of skins, and inside, the tables of shew-bread, the golden candlestick and the altar of incense; and beyond these, the inner temple or holy of holies, where beneath the golden mercy seat was kept the *Ark of the Covenant*, within which were the commandments.

And how was the chest made in which were kept these sacred tables? It was about the size of the largest travelling trunks and was made of the very hard and precious wood of the acacia-tree; then it was covered within and without with gold, with a bordering or "crown" of gold all about it. Golden rings were fastened at the four corners, and long poles or staves covered with gold were made to pass through these rings, so that the ark could be borne by four men as they journeyed. On the top of the ark were two statues of angels made of gold, with their faces towards each other, and their wings covering the mercy-seat. How the ark opened, or if it opened at all, we do not know; we only know that within it were the tables of stone. Through the beautiful curtains that separated this place from the open tabernacle passed only the high-priests, and there did the invisible God promise to meet and commune with them, from between the angels and above the mercy-seat, of all the commandments which he would give to his people.

All the most precious treasures that they had brought out of Egypt, and all the skill in workmanship they had learned in building the great temples and monuments of that country, the Israelites brought to the building of this beautiful and sacred tent, in which to worship the unseen God. It is estimated that the gold alone, used in the ark and the sacred vessels of the tabernacle would be worth a million of dollars.

The Lord gave to the Israelites through Moses, special directions for the building of every part of this beautiful place of worship. If the directions given in Exodus were to be followed closely, a perfect model of the tabernacle might now be made.

In this tabernacle the children of Israel worshipped for many generations. They took it with them in all their forty years' journeying in the wilderness. They carried it into Canaan, and it formed their place of worship through all the troubled years when they were at war with the barbarous tribes of that land. The tabernacle had to be moved from one city to another, to keep it from being destroyed: the sacred ark was even carried away by the enemy, but it returned. At last the great King Solomon, who "would not abide in a house of cedar, while the ark of the Lord dwelt in curtains," built the Temple, and the tabernacle was needed no more.

Enigma.

My first is in town but not in village.
My second's in school but not in college.
My third is in garden but not in park.
My fourth is in moonlight but not in dark.
My fifth is in day but is not in night.
My sixth is in riot but not in fight.
My seventh is in winter but is not in summer.
My eighth is in style but is not in manner.
My ninth is in angel but is not in man.
My whole is so easy, that guess it you can.

Answer.

May 2. Egypt, Moses, Palestine, Thomas, Peter, Gentiles, Amalek, Hur, Virtue, Kings, Simon, David, Festus, Family. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." — Psalms xxxiv. 13.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr., Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.